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## POETRY.

### THE WIDOW'S ONLY SON.

BY H. F. GOULD.

Sleep on my babe and in thy dream
Thy father's face behold,
That love again may warmly beam
From eyes now dark and cold.
His wonted fond embrace to give,
To smile as once he smiled,
Again let all the father live,
To bless his orphan child.

Thy mother sits these heavy hours
To measure off with sighs;
And over life's quick-withered flowers
To droop with streaming eyes.
For ah! our walking dreams, how fast
Their dearest visions fade,
Or flee, and leave their glory cast
For ever into shade!

And still, the doating, stricken heart,
In every bleeding string
That grief has snapped or worn apart,
Finds yet wherewith to cling;
And yet whereon its hold to take
With stronger double grasp,
Because of joys it held to break,
Or melt within its clasp.

A blast has proved, that in the sand
I based my fair, high tower
Pale Death has laid his reading hand
On my new Eden bower!
And now, my tender orphan boy,
Sweet bud of hope, I see
My spice of life, my future joy,
My all, wrapped up in thee.

I fear to murmur in the ear
Of him who willed the blow,
And sent the King of Terrors here
To lay thy father low.
I ask his aid my griefs to bear,
And say, "Thy will be done,"—
That heaven will still in pity spare
The widow's only son.

## SELECT TALES.

### HEREWARD, THE HUNTER.

*By the author of "Cromwell," "The Brothers," etc.*

(Concluded.)

Well was Sir Americ de Bottetourt known, and widely, and with good cause, was he dreaded thro' the green confines of that lovely but unhappy island, which he and his usurping comrades had watered with the best blood of its natural owners. In his first youth when the red field was fought which had consigned fair England to the Norman race for ever, he had yet ridden through the bloody fray side by side with the bravest; and, gifted forthwith by the Duke, with a fief torn from its right possessor, he had, in fact, been trained up from his very boyhood to deeds of barbarous and unrelenting cruelty. He was, indeed, that rare occurrence among men, even partly civilized, a human monster. Though at this period, when the conquest was in fact but half accomplished, all Norman Barons were tyrannical and grasping, and, if not actually cruel, reckless, at least, of bloodshed, none equalled Americ de Bottetourt for dread intensity of evil. To him, a Saxon life was as that of the boar or deer, or even of less value. The slightest pretext was sufficient to justify the utmost violence to all of that degraded race---the temporary tenure of a few fertile acres, or the supposed possession of a few hundred angels, was ample cause for the death-warrant of a Saxon Franklin; while beauty or accomplishment, or even youth itself, was held excuse for the worst injury to his defenceless family. Skilful, no less than brave, in fight, this savage Baron had continually risen in the estimation of the successive monarchs who had held sway in England; had constantly received fresh fiefs, fresh appanages; but still the wealthier and the more powerful, the more ambitious he became of greatness, and the less scrupulous of means or measures. Licentious as he was avaricious—when he had passed already the mid-years of manhood—when age, no less than fiery passions, and exposure to the scorching heat of summer, and the keen frosts of winter, had ploughed a thousand deep, deforming wrinkles on his harsh features, and sprinkled his dark locks with snow—he had cast on the lovely Alice de Valletort an eye of fierce desire. What were the secret links, none knew, by which the fierce and overruling spirit of Sir Americ had tramelled the whole soul of this lady's father—a man, who ever of a timid and avaricious, rather than grasping spirit, now, in his age, had yielded himself up altogether to the direction of his sterner neighbor, whom, even while he tremblingly obeyed his slightest mandate, he did not even feign to honor, much less to esteem. Her absolute reluctance to the marriage, nay, more, her utter hatred of the man, had been, for months, the topic of almost universal conversation; for so widely had the fame of her unrivalled charms been circulated, that in that age of chivalry and generous adventure numerous were the young and gallant cavaliers who would have deemed it no slight privilege to be permitted to adopt the colors of the lovely Alice at tilt or tournament; and whom not even the fierce jealousy and savage prowess of her avowed admirer, could deter from offering at the beauty's footstool, the tribute of their admiration. All their endeavors were, however, vain; and when it was discovered that the bright damsel, though she had eyes to glance, and lips to smile at times upon some favored gallant, had yet no heart to yield—or if she had, possessed not the poor option to bestow it where she pleased—when it was seen that if she caught the dark eye of Sir Americ gazing on her unwonted merriment, she broke off like a guilty thing detected in commission of some desperate offence, and voluntarily, as it would seem, submitted herself to his imperious will—men cease to strive for that return of courtesy, at least, if not affection, which, while it could be sought for only at considerable risk, it seemed impossible to gain. Such had been, for many months, the state of matters between the lady and her lover, if lover it be right to term him, who had no mood of gaiety or softness, even for a moment's space—who never offered any admiration, never showed any kindness, never feigned any courtesy, much less affection. Such, then, for months, had been the state of matters, when it was suddenly announced that on a near-appointed day, Alice would be surrendered by her father into the hands of Sir Americ; for the purpose, it was understood, of being under his protection conducted in all honor to a well known and celebrated nunnery of Yorkshire, the abbess of which was sister to the puissant Baron—there to remain till such time as she should submit herself with no more of reluctance or delay to the high destiny which awaited her. The route by which they must proceed, lay, for a space, along the outskirts of the desolate and dreaded tract of fen and forrest, which was in those days tenanted so wildly by the unconquered Saxons; and as Sir Americ's name was hated by these savage forresters with no small or unmerited degree of detestation, it had been deemed advisable to travel northward with a powerful and well-armed escort—more, perhaps, as a matter of precaution, than of necessity, for, although, since they had been led by Hereward, the Saxons had increased amazingly in boldness—although they had in many instances surprised, and pitilessly slaughtered those of their oppressors whom they found wandering alone, or with but slight attendance, in pursuit of the woodland game among their perilous fastnesses—they had not yet attained to such a pitch of absolute audacity as would have prompted them to attack men-at-arms, equipped in complete panoply of war, and on their guard no less against the hidden ambush, than the bold front of violence.

It had been Americ's intention to pass the dangerous morass, in which, if any where, he might expect to meet with interruption, at a much earlier hour of the day than that at which he reached it. Two of the horses of his train had fallen lame upon the route, and much time had elapsed before he had been able to replace them; still, he had hoped to pass before the sun should set, and therefore had pressed onward, having, in truth, no alterative but so to do; for after he had left Cambridge, which was already miles behind him, there was no hostelry or even cottage on the road, wherein it would have been advisable, or even possible, to pass the hours of darkness.

It was, then, in no placid mood that Americ de Bottetourt saw the sun gradually sinking behind the tall trees, which now fringed on every side the darkening horizon; and little was his hope of making good his passege without blows and bloodshed; for he was not unconscious of the bold valor of the Saxon outlaw, nor of the deadly cause he had for waging war against himself, especially, as the most hated individual of a detested race.

Drawing up, therefore, his small band according to the method most approved in those days of incipient discipline, he clasped his vizor, felt that his ponderous sword was ready to his grasp, and advanced, not without something of unwonted trepidation, at a hard trot into the perilous defile.—Already was above one half of its length safely passed; and already had Sir Americ begun to deem the apprehension, he had of late entertained, causeless, and all unworthy of himself—when from his rear, wildly re-echoed from the thick-set stems of a dim grove which he had just cleared, without bearing sound or seeing sight that could have led him to suspect the presence of a living being, there rose a loud yell, succeeded instantly by the quick clang of axes, and ere a moment had elaped by the tremendous crash of falling timber. Scarce had Sir Americ paused ro listen to the unusual and unwelcome sound, before the keen and crafty veteran whom in consideration of those very qualities, he had appointed to bring up his rear, dashed up at a hard gallop to his side.

'We shall be set upon, sir, instantly,' he cried, the moment he was near enough to suffer his words to be audible. 'There be a score or two of Saxon varlets down in the thicket yonder, and they have felled some three or four tall trees across the causeway. Retreat is hopeless!'

'Retreat!' echoed the haughty Baron. 'Who would retreat before a Saxon! forward, brave hearts, and if the dogs find heart to shew themselves, 'fore God and our Lady, but we will pin them to the earth with our good lances. On, archers, and look sharp—let not a villain show his head above these cursed bushes, but mark it with a cloth-yard arrow. Forward! St. Genevive for Americ!'

Such were the words with which the Norman, adopting the array which has been heretofore described, dashed onward---while from behind, nearer at every instant, and more near, rang the wild whoops and yells which had in the first instance announced the presence of the enemy.

'Damain, they be behind us yet,' he said, addressing himself in a whisper to the veteran 'squire who rode beside his rein—'behind us all. Beshrew me, but I think we shall outstrip them!

'Look! look! Sir Americ,' shouted the old 'squire, almost in the selfsame instant, pointing with his long lance toward the ash-trees of which Hereward had spoken. Look! my good lord, a chain. Yon ash is half cut through—if it fall we are lost.'

Even as he spoke, the chain which up to this time had sustained the mighty tree, swung free—the branches swayed and cracked, and the gigantic trunk groaned, as it reeled and tottered to and fro.

'On, archers!' shouted Americ—'on, archers, for your lives; get past yon ash-tree into the open glade—on! for your lives---and shoot your deadliest, or we are but lost men!'

Then from thicket to thicket rose, long and loud, the same portentous yell, which had alarmed them from the rear; while, nearer still and nearer, on every side it was repeated, showing that now they were entirely surrounded; and fast and frequent might be heard the ringing clatter of the axes, and the stern voice of Hereward urging the outlaws to their toil. Instant, as Americ spoke, the archers dashed their spurs into their chargers' flanks, and sped at a pace actually fearful along the rough and broken causeway, driving at every stroke the mud and slime high into air behind them. If they might but succeed in passing, ere the large tree should fall, it was most probable that the whole party would escape; for, cutting on the causeway at right angels, not half an arrow-flight beyond the thicket, an open glade extended with firm soil and good footing quite to the rear of the Saxons; so that, the angle gained, the alleys of the Norman archery would have commanded their position, and rendered it impossible for them to carry their annoyance farther. On they went, gallantly and fast—scattering, however, as one horse outstripped the other—with their long-bows already bent, and arrows notched upon the string.—Fearful, indeed—it was a fearful moment—the mighty ash-tree rocked and creaked audibly—one archer has already passed it—lo! he has halted—reised his bow to his eye—that twang has rung the knell of one of the assailants—St. Genevive, St. Genevive, for Americ!' The second reaches it—even now his charger—goaded to his full speed—is springing past the butt—he is safe—and the third close behind!—No! no! a louder, deeper groan of the huge tree! and down, down it came, thundering to the earth! Heaven, what a fearful sight; even as it fell, the hapless Norman who rode second, dashed into the dread space, and on the instant, horse and man were crushed by the resistless weight into one shapeless mass of quivering and gory carnage; the third man close to the ruin, had yet the time to note it, and with a desperate effort succeeded in arresting the speed of his horse; and LOW he stood, the noble animal quivering in every limb with terror, its head curbed to its very chest by the strong rider, who, unmoved, even by that fearful peril, watched with steady eye for the appearance of a foeman. Not long did he wait, for, ere the echoes of that thundering shock had passed away; cheerily shouting to his comrades, Hereward sprang upon the fragment of the tree, which yet stood upright in the ground, as if to overlook the field.

'Down with another tree, my men! One more,' he shouted, 'and they are ours, beyond hope of rescue.'

The moment he appeared, the arrow whistled from the bowstring of the Norman, but whether it was that his nerves were shaken by the appalling sight he had that instant witnessed, or that the Saxon, as men said, of a truth, bore a charmed life, the shaft sung past his head, and, quivering, stood fixed in a tree hard behind him, buried almost to the f[illegible]

'St. Geor[illegible] merry England!' shouted the outlaw in return, and without pausing even to take aim hurled the short boar-spear which he held in his right hand, against the archer. Hurling through the air, it smote him at the junction of the gorget with the breastplate, and driven with resistless force, pierced through and the neck, and hurled him headlong from his saddle, a dead man ere he touched the earth. At the same point of time, the clatter of the hoofs of the third archer who had passed the tree, and in whom all their hopes of safety were now vested, might be heard, telling of his flight and their abandonment.

They were entrapped almost beyond hope of redemption or resistance! Before them and behind, the road was barred by masses of felled timbor, which hours of labor would hardly suffice to remove—on their right hand a deep and fordless rivulet, with its banks guarded by the ambushed Saxons, and on their left, a dark impassable morass. Yet, still in this extremity, Sir Americ displayed his wonted gallantry and conduct. 'Down with your lances!' he exclaimed, 'there be no use of them! Out axes, and dismount! You, Damain,' he continued, 'with Lancelot and Raoul, hew away at yon timber as you best may, to clear a path—we, with God's aid, will gard ye!'

Down from their saddles sprang the men-at-arms, and in the face of dreadful odds, went steadily, and even cheerfully, about their work. The light-armed spearmen clustered about the person of their leader, who, with his long two-handed sword unsheathed, sat perfectly unmoved on his tall war-horse. The two remaining archers had fallen back with the females to that side of the causeway nearest the morass, and therefore least exposed to instant peril. But the plot thickened; for the instant the first blow fell upon the timber, a dozen Saxons showed themselves on the farther side, and with their bills and boar-spears, commenced so violent an assault upon the men-at-arms, as checked entirely their progress. At the same instant, Hereward stepped forward—with a javelin in his right hand, and his huge *gisarme* in his left—beyond the bushes of the thicket directly in the face of Americ; while half a score, at least, of his rude followers, half-armed, and utterly undisciplined, but hardy, bold, and goaded into fury by unnumbered wrongs, appeared behind him.

'Sir Americ de Bottetourt,' exclaimed the Saxon, as he saw his foeman, using the *lingua* franca, then the sole medium of communication between the hostile races, 'this day your hour is come!—'Twas this night, seven years—'

'It was,' replied the Norman, interrupting him, 'this very night, seven years agone, that this hand slew each living dog of your accursed race, save thyself, only, who escaped me then, but to fill up my triumphs now. Come forth! and meet thy death, dog, an' thou darest, in fair fight with a Norman noble!'

'Heaven judge betwixt us,' Hereward hissed between his teeth, close-set, and launched his second javelin full at the speaker's body. This time, however, his aim was less true, than before, for grazing the thigh of his enemy, the boar-spear pierced demipique and housing of the Norman's charger, bearing him earthward in the agonies of death.

'Callest thou this fair fight!' shouted the now infuriated Baron, 'callest thou this fair fight!—then will we drive you from your 'vantage! Gilbert, thy light-armed hobbier hath cleared a broader trench than that before thee; over, and charge the dog—there is, I trow, good footing!'

Without one word, the young and daring spearman spurred his horse at the fearful leap; the fiery charger faced it gallantly, but in the very act of springing, the treacherous footing failed, and, though he made a noble effort, his fore-feet barely reached the farther brink, while his hind quarters were engulfed in the tenacious quagmire; the rider struggled up for a moment from the miry ditch, but it was only for a moment; the ponderous axe of Hereward fell like a thunderbolt upon his head-piece, and crushed the very skull beneath it.

'St. George! St. George for merry England!' and planting one foot firmly on the back of the exhausted horse, Hereward sprang across the streamlet, followed by all his dauntless comrades, and was assailed immediately by Americ. The fray was ended in ten seconds between the vassals of the Norman and the impetuous outlaws, who caring for neither wounds nor death, bore them down to the ground by the mere weight of numbers, and unmercifully slew them to the last man.

Not so, however, nor so rapidly, was the encounter ended between the Norman Baron and Hereward, the Hunter. Both men of power and muscular strength almost unrivalled, both animated by unusual fury, one fighting for his life, the other, dearer to him than life, for vengeance, they struggled long and desperately. Many and dangerous wounds were interchanged, before Americ's two-handed sword was shivered to the hilt, and himself beaten to his knee by one blow of the Saxon *gisarme*.

'Not so!' cried Hereward, 'not so! with weapons in thy hand shalt thou die, Savage Norman! Thou shalt not boast in Hell that Hereward was cowardly avenged; give him an axe, good Elbert!'

His orders were obeyed without dispute, tho' evidently with reluctance, and armed anew by his foe's mercy or contempt, Americ renewed the combat. Not long, however, did it now last, for less accustomed to the bill than the sword, Americ failed to parry the third blow, which, glancing from his head-piece, clove deep into his shoulder, and was immediately succeeded by a fourth, which crushed the helmet like a nutshell, and laid the tyrant at the feet of the avenger, a quivering and lifeless corpse.

The last rays of the sun barely sufficed for the conclusion of the fierce encounter, but the pale moon was gleaming through the forest, before the outlaws, with the lady and her female followers, their honorable captives, and treated with due honor, turned to the shelter of their woodland fastness, leaving, as Hereward had boasted, to the raven and the fox, the bodies of their vanquished conquerors.

H.

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An ugly stick of a bachelor, in discoursing of matrimony, remarked that the frogs in Æsop were extremely wise; they had a great mind for some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not leap out.

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Keep your eyes open before marriage—half shut after.

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MUSIC OF WINTER.—I love to listen to the falling of the snow. You may temper your heart to the serenest mood by its low murmur. It is that kind of music that only intrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly. You need not hear it if your mind is not idle. It realises my dream of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought and comes only when it is remembered.

And the frost, too has a melodious minstrelsy. You will hear its crystals shoot in the dead of a clear night as if the moonbeams were splintering like arrows on the earth; and you listen to it the more earnestly, that it is the going on of one of the most cunning and beautiful of Nature's deep mysteries. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of crystal. God has hidden its principles, as yet from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher, and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen in mute wonder to the noise of its visable workmanship. It is too fine a knowledge for us. We shall comprehend it when we know how the morning stars sang together.

You would hardly look for music in the dreariness of early winter. But before the keener frost sets in, and while the warm winds are yet stealing back occasionally, like regrets of the departed summer, there will come soft rain or a heavy mist, and, when the north wind returns, there will be crops suspended like ear-ring jewels between the filaments of the cedar tassels, and in the feathery edges of the dark green hemlocks, and, if the clearing up is not followed by a heavy wind they will be frozen in their places like well set gems. The next morning the warm sun comes, and by the middle of the calm dazzling forenoon, they are loosened from the close touch which sustained them, and will drop at the slightest motion. If you go along on the south side of the wood at that hour you will hear music. The dry foliage of the summer's shedding, is scatterd over the ground, and the round hard drops ring out clearly and distinctly as they are shaken down with the stirring of the breeze. It is something like the running of deep and rapid water, only more fitful and merrier; but to him who goes out in nature with his heart open it is a pleasant music, and, in contrast with the stern character of the season, delightful.

Winter has many other sounds that give pleasure to the seeker for hidden sweetness; but they are too rare and accidental to be described distinctly. The brooks have a sullen and muffled murmur under the frozen surface; the ice in the distant river heaves up with the swell of the current, and falls again to the bank with a prolonged echo, and the woodman's axe rings cheerfully out from the bosom of the unrobed forest. These are, at best however, but melancholy sounds; they but drive in the heart upon itself. I believe it is so ordered in God's wisdom.

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### CITY OF BOSTON.

The following beautiful and eloquent notice of the ancient capital of Massachusetts is extracted from the inaugural address of Jonathan Chapman, Esq., Mayor of Boston, delivered on the organization of the Municipal government, Jan. 6, 1840:

"First among the foremost in achieving that freedom without which there can be no real progress, she has never been found wanting in any enterprise that could secure or adorn it. The simple but eternal truths, written, as it were upon her everlasting hills, in the blood of her stern, but pious ancestors;---that industry is better than a fertile soil—an intelligent population than the softest climate—religion and virtue than mines of gold—have not yet been forgotten. Guided by these truths as by the lights of heaven, and blessed by the smiles of a benignant Providence, she has steadily and healthily advanced in size, numbers, and wealth. The skill of her mechanics, the enterprize of her merchants, and the high and honorable character of her citizens generally have given her no mean station among the cities of the world. Every interest essential to her well being as a community has been liberally assumed and generously provided for at the public charge. Churches and school houses are her most numerous and cherished monuments. Neatness, quietness, and general good order have marked her character, and in all the points that are worthy of a true ambition, she has established and maintains, both at home and abroad, a reputation which is no honorable passport for her children through the civilized world."

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COOKING POTATOES.—When you boil potatoes for dinner pare enough for dinner and breakfast; throw a little salt into the water in which they are boiled, and when done, pour out the water carefully, and let the potatoes stand by the fire a few minutes. You will find them much better than when boiled in the common way without paring. Take what are left at dinner, and mash them while warm, adding a little cream and salt; then put them in a bake pan, and in the morning you have only to set the pan in the stove, or before a brisk fire for a few minutes. You will find them excellent. Some people use butter instead of cream, but the genuine article is prepared by the latter. Ask the Grahamites.—*Genessee Farmer.*